If any be, as truſt me none I know,
By planting *Lewis* in the Vſurpers roome:
That is the cauſe of all our preſence here,
This on the holy Altar we proteſt,
To aide the right of *Lewis* with goods and life,
Who on our knowledge is in armes for England.
What ſay you Lords?

Sal. As *Pembrooke* ſaith, affirmeth *Salisbury:*
Faire *Lewis* of France that ſpouſed Lady *Blanch*,
Hath title of an vncontrouled ſtrength
To England, and what longeth to the Crowne:
In right whereof, as we are true inform'd,
The Prince is marching hitherward in armes.
Our purpoſe, to conclude that with a word,
Is to inueſt him as we may deuiſe,
King of our countrey, in the tyrants ſtead:
And ſo the warrant on the Altar ſworne,
And ſo the intent for which we hither came.

Baſt. My Lord of *Salisbury*, I cannot couch
My ſpeeches with the needfull words of art,
As doth beſeeme in ſuch a waighty worke,
But what my conſcience and my duty will,
I purpoſe to impart.
For *Cheſters* exile, blame his buſie wit,
That medled where his duty quite forbade:
For any priuate cauſes that you haue,
Me thinkes they ſhould not mount to ſuch a height,
As to depoſe a King in their reuenge.
For *Arthurs* death, *K. John* was innocent,
He deſperate was the deathſman to himſelfe,
Which you, to make a colour to your crime,
Vniuſtly doe impute to his default;
But where ſel Traitoriſme hath reſidence,
There wants no words to ſet deſpight on worke.
I ſay tis ſhame, and worthy all reproofe,
To wreſt ſuch petty wrongs in tearmes of right,

Againſt

Againſt a King annointed by the Lord.
Why *Salsburie* admit the wrongs are true,
Yet ſubiects may not take in hand reuenge,
And rob the heauens of their proper power,
Where ſitteth hee to whom reuenge belongs.
And doth a Pope, a Prieſt, a man of pride,
Giue charters for the liues of lawfull Kings,
What can he bleſſe, or who regards his curſe,
But ſuch as giue to man, and take from God?
I ſpeake it in the ſight of God aboue,
Theres not a man that dyes in your beleefe,
But ſels his ſoule perpetually to paine.
Aid *Lewis*, leaue God, kill *John*, pleaſe hell,
Make hauock of the welfare of your ſoules,
For heere I leaue you in the ſight of heauen,
A troope of traytors food for helliſh fiends;
If you deſiſt, then follow me as friends,
If not then doe your worſt as hatefull traytors.
For *Lewis* his right, alas tis too too lame,
A ſenſleſſe claime, if truth bee titles friend.
In briefe if this be cauſe of our reſort,
Our pilgrimage is to the Diuels ſhrine.
I came not Lords to ſtoupe as traytors doe,
Nor will I counſell in ſo bad a cauſe:
Pleaſe you returne, we goe againe as friends,
If not, I to my King, & you where traitors pleaſe.

Percie. A hot young man, and ſo my Lords pro
I let him goe, and better loſt than found.

Pemb. What ſay you Lords, will all the reſt pr
Will you all with me ſweare vpon the Alter,
That you'l to death, bee aid to *Lewis* and enemy t
Euery man lay his hand by mine, in witnes of his h
Well then, euery man to armes to meet the King,
Who is already before London.

Enter Meſſenger.

Pemb. What newes Herauld?